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"Go out into the highways and compel them to come in."
Luke 14: 23.

HOW THE BOOTLEGGER BECAME THE SERGEANT MAJOR



Pursued a Course of Drinking and Gambling.

SOME FOLKS ARE SO TACTFUL AND SO TRUSTFUL

SOMEBODY has remarked lately that they don't always see the point in the stories which we are in the habit of passing on. It is certain that they will not see the point of this one, but here it is and there it is—nevertheless.

The sash-cords of a certain lady's bedroom-window had at last, through age and wear, snapped, and a telephone message was sent for a man to come and replace them at once. Accompanied by his assistant, the carpenter was soon at the house. "I will show you the room," said the lady, calling a maid to accompany her with some dust-shovel.

Arriving at the bedroom, she told the maid which articles to cover with the sheets, and, ere she left the room, remarked: "And Mary, you had better lock my jewel-case at once, and take the key with you."

The carpenter at once removed his watch and chain with a magnificent air, and handed them to his mate. "John," he said, "take these right back to the shop. It looks as if this house isn't safe!"

If one isn't always trustful, they might at least try to be tactful.

WHERE HE IS MOST NEEDED

SOMEONE has said that a man is like an island. Sometimes one has to row all round it before one finds a place to land. Most of us land where we think we shall be most welcome. Jesus landed where He was most needed.

He rowed round a life till He saw its real problem, that is to say, until He saw the place where He was needed most, and just because His love is relentless He landed there.

He rowed round the life of the rich young ruler. It was a fair island and He loved it, but the place on which He landed was the money question.

He rowed round the island of life of Nicodemus, a fine old man, yet parts of his life were dead through rabbinical custom and tyrannous attention to ceremonial details. Jesus landed there and demanded birth.

With Zacchaeus He landed on the question of his exactions from the poor. And in the case of the woman of Samaria He wouldn't be put off, but relentlessly insisted on the moral problem of her life.

REJOICE, PRAY AND TRUST

The man who doubts, fears and murmurs is walking right into the jaws of trouble; but to the man who keeps glad in God, who rejoices and prays and trusts in the teeth of Hell, the path grows brighter unto the perfect day. God has pledged Himself to stand by that man.

AN APOLOGY

We very much regret that an error crept into our "cut line" of the photos which illustrated the article in our last issue: "How the Campaign was put over at Brandon." The names should have read in the following order—Messrs. A. R. McDiarmid (Treasurer); A. E. McKenzie (Vice-Chairman); and J. C. Riddell (Campaign Chairman). We hate to do anything wrong, but having done so, we like still more not to ask forgiveness. Peccavi!

Many people ask the question, "Is the power of Christ the same today as when He cast out devils during His ministry on earth?" The following true story of the remarkable conversion of Sergt.-Major Davies of the Medicine Hat Corps, will be sufficient to convince the reader that the touch of Christ has lost nothing of its ancient power.

I CAME to Canada in the year 1906 at the age of 21, and finding myself free from all home restraint, I started out to have a good time. In my quest for pleasure I very often frequented the pool rooms and bars, and very soon became a well known figure, not only in these walls, but also in a number of gambling joints.

Time went on and moving from place to place, I found myself in Edmonton where for a while I pursued the same course of drinking, gambling, etc. But about three years from the time of my arrival in that city I became acquainted with a Christian girl and after a very short acquaintance we became married and for a time I led a fairly moral life, but again on moving to smaller towns I linked up with young men who were like myself, searching for excitement and pleasure, and in company with these I began to sin deeper and deeper into the mire of sin.

Not only did I sink myself, but my wife, becoming sad and disengaged with the thought, lost out and became a backslider.

Arriving at the bedroom, she told the maid which articles to cover with the sheets, and, ere she left the room, remarked: "And Mary, you had better lock my jewel-case at once, and take the key with you."

The carpenter at once removed his watch and chain with a magnificent air, and handed them to his mate. "John," he said, "take these right back to the shop. It looks as if this house isn't safe!"

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An Army Open-Air in Full Swing

Arriving in Kindersley I conceived the idea of making money by selling whiskey which eventually brought me into the hands of the police. At that particular time I was making and disposing of more whiskey than any bootlegger in the district, and in all probability I would have been sent to jail, but having a large family, and as it was the first offense, I was fined \$150 and released. However, this experience did not in any way deter me from continuing in the bootlegging business, for on moving to Biggar I started to make my living and earned an average of \$100 a day per week, made and consumed by myself and bosom friends. My next move was to Saskatoon where I continued on much the same course as in other places.

Heard the Strains of Music

Finally in August of 1924 I arrived in Medicine Hat, fully intending to continue in the bootlegging business.

We stayed at the hotel I heard strains of music and on going out to the adjacent品种 in full swing. It was while listening to the different proceedings, I felt the first stirrings of conscience.

The Open-Air proved to be the first of a series of outdoor Meetings which I was destined to hear and took place on a Thursday night. Again on Saturday night I listened to the testimonies and singing of the happy Salvationists, and at the close of the Meeting, I inquired as to when the next one would be held, I was informed that just such another gathering would be held on the Sunday morning, I made a special effort to be present and listened intently to all the proceedings. The Open-Air Meeting closed, and away the comrades marched to the Hall.

Wandering aimlessly down the sidewalk very undecided as to what I would do with the day, I heard two young men in conversation. One said to the other "Let's go to The Army this morning; if they start it, as I think nothing in particular to do, I decide I will drop in to The Army." As the Meeting began I was deeply convicted of sin but refused to surrender. At the close of the Holmes Meeting I was invited to attend the afternoon Company Meeting, but before returning to my room at the hotel I paid a visit to the local bootlegger and purchased several bottles of beer. Armed with these I returned to my room and long before the afternoon had gone, I had disposed of all bottles.

Once More a Listener

Even this, however, failed to deaden the voice of conscience, and so, almost in spite of myself, I found myself once more an interested listener to The Army Open-Air and this time I followed without any hesitation to the Citadel. At the close of the Meeting the invitation was given, but there were no servers, but the question was asked: "Would anyone like to be prayed for?"

It seemed that some unseen Power forced my hand up, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I was kneeling at the Penitent-Form where I made a full surrender.

Immediately after my conversion I was supplied with a liberal supply of "cartridges," and so I was linked up right away. The Thursday following my conversion, I attended the Open-Air, not as an idle listener, but as a Salvation Army Convert. When called upon to give my testimony, I stepped into the middle of the ring, and happening to glance up, to my great consternation, I saw the bootlegger who, less than a week previous, had supplied me with my Sunday afternoon's supply of beer. There he stood, as large as life on the balcony of the hotel.

But God's grace was sufficient, and, Hallelujah, from that night, right up to the present time, I can honestly say I have been growing in grace and in the knowledge of the love of God. Two years and four months of Soldiership followed and one year and three months in Corps HQ, Major McLean, didn't tell me to take my stand on the Open-Air and tell the wondrous story of what God has done for me, and is doing for me by day

• • •

Four weeks after the conversion of the Sergt.-Major, his wife and family arrived in Medicine Hat where his wife reconverted her to God and today they are a happy, bright family of Salvationists.

HOW TO BE SAVED

1. Ask God to show you your need of Salvation, and the danger you are in till you have found it.
2. Ask God to help you to understand that Jesus died for you.
3. Show God you are sorry for your sins by giving them up.
4. Ask God to forgive you for Christ's sake.
5. Do not rest till you have the assurance of the Holy Spirit that you are saved.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR BIBLE!



Spend a few moments at least every day with the Sacred Word of God.

Sunday, Numbers 14: 11-25. "How long will it be ere they believe Me?" God's people had reached the bogs of the goodly Land of Promise towards which they had been so marvelously led. "Let us go up at once and possess it," urged Caleb, the man of faith. But the unfeared people refused to follow the Lord further, so had they went to the in the wilderness. Unfeared always creeps God's heart and stays His hand from accomplishing the great things He has in store.

Monday, Numbers 14: 36-41. "They presumed to go up." Foolishly daring to go up without God, and against His will, these fighting men of Israel round, to their cost, how powerless they were in face of the enemy. Someone has said, "It is human nature to neglect to serve God when He wills it, and then to attempt to serve Him when He forbids it." Such service cannot but end in failure.

Tuesday, Numbers 16: 1-18. "The Lord will show who are His." Korah and his followers strove for position and promotion rather than to prepare themselves for greater and higher service. They coveted the priesthood, forgetting that the holy God must be served by unselfish, humble, holy men. God considers the motive and spirit of the service we render rather than its kind or amount. "And, many who now are always first, will be first when probation time is past."

Wednesday, Numbers 16: 19-35. "They perished among the dead." For the good of the nation they worked men were destroyed. Had they lived, they might have been like a terrible plague-spot, corrupting others. Many innocent people might have learned through them to sin, but God in His mercy removed them before they could harm others any further. He still does this with those who spread evil and corruption.

Thursday, Numbers 16: 36-40. "Let them make them broad plates . . . and they shall be a sign." Ever out of Korah's terrible failure and rebellion God sought to bring blessing. This time the people's eyes rested on the brazen plates covering the altar, they should be reminded of Korah's sin and the warning to their own hearts. But God's restraining hand they, too, might have passed with "these sinners" against their own souls."

Friday, Numbers 17: 1-13. "Behold, the rod of Aaron budded . . . and yielded almonds." The night

the priestly sceptre did not return to its original home, but became a thorn in my heart and brought many a thorn into my life. When provoked in spirit by the continual murmurings of the Israelites, I was thereby misrepresented and maligned. I character, and failed to glorify God before the people. Moses did not share in the punishment we see how the high priest with whom we have to do recompensed

Holiness can dare much—but who dares to speak evil of anyone.

A Stormy Start in Canada

By MERLE HAMILTON

The beginning was in this wise: In the year 1882, about the time the hedgehounds of Old England were turning to rose and gold, and every mossy bank took on a tinge of purple, two converts—fresh from the wilds of religious fervor ranging throughout the British Isles, where the Holy Spirit had directed his consecrated efforts of William Booth and his associates—stood upon the streets of the new London of the Land of the Maple and declaimed in stentorian tones to all and sundry passing by:

*"The way to Heaven is straight and plain—
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again—
Will you go?"*

Standing upon the curb was one, Smith, a devoted Methodist, strangely gripped by the Holiness testimonies of the strangers, they having, he felt, "a good sound about them." Consequently, when one of the zealots laid his hand upon his shoulder and said, "You are just the man I want to help you!" the next night found him upon the street-corner during his bit in the Open-Air. As they went swinging down the road, singing at the top of their voices:

*"We shall have a new name in that Land,
In that sunny Land."*

the inevitable flotsam and jetsam of the streets trailed them to their meeting-place.

Amid the Tuhs and Soap-suds

"Your love of the world will lead you to Hell!" said one of the workers to a Mrs. O'Leary in the Meeting. She immediately jumped to her feet and rushed off home—only to kneel upon the basement-floor next morning amid the tubs and soap-suds, and give her heart to God.

About this time similar Meetings were being conducted in Toronto by Brother and Sister Free and one, "Irish Annie" Maxwell, and the novel tactics and lusty crying of the Salvation message in the streets by these comrades attracted crowds to a certain rough-cast building on Richmond Street.

This was then The Salvation Army in Canada, and the simple-minded spread to other centres, crowds growing on the skating rinks, music-halls, disused barns and other edifices peculiar to early Salvation Army warfare, and on Sunday nights it was necessary to lock the doors at 6 o'clock to exclude the chagrined hundreds who had come too late to attend the Meetings, scheduled to begin 8 o'clock.

It was not considered "the thing" to join "The Army" in those days. It was thought, by some, that one had to be stark crazy, or very "low-lived," to tolerate such a ridiculous religion. New converts were often soundly thrashed, or turned out upon the door-step, for "disgracing the family," and men were thrown out of work immediately it was known they had been to The Army—Permit.

A Lithe, Catapulting Figure

Fearful and wonderful were the strategies employed by the early workers to gain the attention of the idle multitude. "Hailoy Bill" Cooper always addressed his Open-Air audiences from a chair, but when he found himself talking to thin air instead of to human hearts, he immediately turned a hand spring and continued his address standing upon his head. It was not unusual to see him—lithe, catapulting figure—leading a march two hundred strong, by turning "car-wheel" down the centre of the road.

Dressed in red "basques" and blue "skirts," red blouses or guernseys, generously inscribed with text and immense "cow-breakfast" hats draped with red handkerchiefs, is little wonder that the early Blood-and-Fire gallants "painted the town red" wherever they went.

The post of door-keeper in the House of the Lord was no sinecure in those days. Three stalwarts usually kept the gates—one to open the door, and the other

of pain and persecution, greatness and glory, written upon the hearts of the participants in that early start. But this glorious page of Army history is written large with tales of thousands of drink-besotted and unspeakable characters who have been miraculously saved by the Blood of the Lamb, and the Power of His Spirit.



An early day "War Cry" illustration

two to stand back in readiness for what might enter. In Toronto, where an organized gang of twenty roughs made a practice of noisily stamping into the Meeting single file, armed with clubs hidden in their sleeves, it was just as well for the door-keeper to prepare himself for a possible crack on the head, or an ignominious and painful journey down a flight of steps.

A Gentle Voice and an Iron Fist
It was an Orderly's duty to parade the aisles of a crowded Meeting, keeping a vigilant eye upon would-be disturbers. Can't you see him—brown and big, with a child's heart, a gentle voice, the "patience of Job"—and an iron fist? An Army hero! Should he find it necessary to tap an individual upon the shoulder than more than the objectionable person was forcibly removed—usually promoting a "row" in transit.

Men often brought their beer to Meetings, putting the bottles under the seats, and refreshing themselves at leisure. Often, too, the power of the Holy Spirit fell upon them, and they were seen jumping over people's heads, and the backs of seats in a head-long rush to the Penitent-Form. Drunkards they knelt, but they arose saved and sober citizens. Women, too, cut the feathers from their hats, the ribbons from their frocks, and, at the Penitent-Form, stripped their persons of jewelry.

Marches of all kinds were the order of the day. The most thrilling was the "Hallelujah Runaway," in which the Captain, seemingly without rhyme or reason, sprinted away from the Open-Air sprint, followed by a hundred Soldiers after him. Like the celebrated rats of Hamelin Town, the whole population sprinted after them

—right through the gaping doors of The Army Barracks—and a red-hot Salvation Meeting was in progress before they could turn around.

A "Midnight March" resulted in two brave lassie Officers and a score of Soldiers being confined over night in a small room ventilated by one diminutive, barred window. Hearing of the affair, a sympathetic Toronto merchant chartered an engine and rushed to the rescue with funds, but the Officers refused bail and took their trial and sentence pluckily. But the colorless face and brave eyes of the more robust Lieutenant haunted the dreams of the townspeople, and "broke the ice" in favor of The Army.

Refused to Budge from His Cell

Captain Scott had previously been incarcerated in this same jail as a result of a "Torch-light March," and at the expiration of his sentence he steadfastly refused to budge from his cell until the identical police officer, who had accompanied him thither, should arrive to fetch him out. To the public's amusement, and the Law's chagrin, the Captain compelled this dignitary to walk with him arm-in-arm down the main street of the town, as the Law had compelled him to do.

In some centres a "tar gang" or "skelton army" made themselves a nuisance by forming up behind the March, and when a stop was made for an Open-Air, stool, flour, soap-suds, fish and vegetables in every stage of decomposition, flew promiscuously—uniforms were ruined, and much damaged brass instruments were battered into a semblance of nursery toys, but comparatively little bodily injury was suffered.

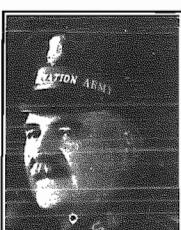
DIVISIONAL COMMANDERS OF CANADA WEST



Major Carruthers—Northern B.C. and Alaska Division.



Brigadier A. Layman—Southern B.C. Division.



Brigadier J. Gosling—North Saskatchewan Division.

The opening of the French work in Quebec was particularly harassing. At first unable to secure a Hall, through somebody's mischievous intent, the first Meeting was held in the cold and dark, until the ever-sympathetic Orangemen scoured the neighborhood for lamps, and stationed themselves around the Hall as impromptu lamp-stands. Later, they denied themselves of tobacco, and imposed monetary penalties upon each other if they were caught giving expression to "strong language"—all to buy a new Army drum, which had previously been smashed!

Open-Airs were not tolerated, but the Officers sang in the saloons, occasionally being locked in! A crowd of Frenchmen usually followed them from saloon to saloon, and should a prejuiced saloon-keeper refuse The Army girls admittance, a gesticulating mob refused to buy his beer. French converts took their lives in their hands when they walked upon the public thoroughfare, and on one occasion a fine young comrade was waylaid, and injured so that he died a martyr to the cause in a few days. "Grenouine" and "ghoul" is the tale of a saloon-keeper turning a hose upon an Open-Air, washing the eye of a comrade out upon his cheek!

Invasion of the West

It was in 1886 that The Army made its way out West and began its work in Winnipeg, then a city of 20,000 inhabitants. The Army's greatest or fighting to hold them coming—the generous hearted men who were pouring into the Western Lands were keen to recognise in The Army people some folks who had their best interests at heart. And so, amidst the drinking saloons and the "red-light" houses of those days, with all their accompanying riotousness, The Army Flag was hoisted high, and soon there came under its folds those who fought and toiled that others might, like them, be brought out of darkness into light.

There was one young man, a stranger in a strange land, scarce able to speak the language of the country of his adoption, who watched those strange processions down the streets of old Winnipeg, and wondered at their weirdness, and marveled as to their meaning. Following them into their Hall he listened, as best he could, to the red-hot messages from the platform, often delivered so earnestly as to lose most of their coherence, and so malingering all the more difficult for the young German to understand their full meaning. But he heard the call of the Christ amidst it all, and knelt at the rough Penitent-Form, and found Jesus to be his Saviour.

Of the "Blood and Fire" Breed

Since then he has served The Army (and his Lord) in many lands—Canada, India, Australia, China, Germany—all of them recognizing in him a Salvationist of the "Blood and Fire" breed, and now he is leading on our Forces in Czechoslovakia, with incidentally the aid of his good Canadian wife, and is known to us as Lt.-Commissioner Bruno Friedrich.

And so the story goes on, it is ever going. Would that we could tell of the way in which the Regiments of the Lord have pushed their way out West, and to the Northwest—lands of the great Unknown where all those stalwart men started in London in Old Ontario, but now all a-throb with industry and social life. Lands and cities and towns constantly reverberating with the music and songs of Salvation. Away on the Pacific shores; up in the North Lands of Alaska; away, away towards the Arctic Seas, almost—

"For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

This glorious page of Army history is written large with tales of the thousands of drink-besotted and unspeakable characters who knelt in the mud at the drum-head and were miraculously changed into saved and sane citizens through contact with the Blood and Fire which is emblazoned upon our Flag—the Flag which, though fought for step by step, never came down!



82 Countries & Colonies - 59 Languages - 14,719 Corps & Outposts - 22,847 Officers & Cadets

A Chinese Convert's Testimony

A SALVATION Army Officer had occasion to sit for some time in a Chinese shop where several workmen were busy at their tasks. The workers ranged in ages from young boy apprentices to a white-haired old gentleman, who through his old-fashioned spectacles scrutinized the actions before him on his desk.

Two of the workers, evidently thinking that the foreign customer did not understand Chinese, engaged in foul talk and exchanged coarse jokes between themselves, causing laughter among those who could hear them. The Salvationist eventually interfered by saying, "Sirs, if I were in the habit of using language such as you are engaged in, I think I would choose a time when there were no young boys around to hear me." There was a moment of surprise, but quickly one of the "sinful" young men remarked, "But we are Salvationists."

"Oh, no," the Officer replied, "Salvationists do not use that language."

"Well, we are going to be," was the answer, "and he," pointing to a worker further off, "who as yet had not spoken, "he is one, too."

The Officer said, "No, I think there are no Salvationists here."

At this, the young man indicated lifted his head and said, "Yes, I am a Salvationist."

The Officer still thought this a continuation of the joke on him, and asked: "Where is your proof?" The worker, turning to the old man in the corner, said, "My proof is in my Bible on the shelf. Will you get it, please?"

The Chinese Testament was then produced, and it was a copy of The Salvation Army leaflet, "Advice to Converts," on which was written, in the worker's writing, the day and date of his conversion at The Army Penitent-Form.

He said, "I live a long way from the Corps and work late hours, but I try to follow the teaching of my Bible and this leaflet."

"Oh, yes," said one of his companions, "he is too good; he just keeps his head down to his work and never speaks unless some one says something against Christianity."

What a grand testimony from an unconverted work-mate! As far as our register of Converts was concerned, this young man was considered lost, but in his heart he had the real thing and was quietly living the life of a Salvationist, before his comrades in the workshop, and so pure was his example that they said of him, "Oh, he is too good."

"Pug" Couldn't Pray

He wandered into The Salvation Army Hall in Mitchell, South Dakota. He was a prize-fighter by occupation, often contracting to fight for large sums of money.

During the latter part of the Salvation Prayer-Meeting he was gripped, and at the invitation, raised his hand for prayer. Another moment, and he was on his knees at the Penitent-Form.

"I can't pray! I've never prayed in my life," he wept.

" Didn't your mother teach you to pray?" gently inquired the Officer who was dealing with him.

"Mother!" exclaimed the man. "Mother! Why I haven't seen her for years! She thinks I'm dead!" Yes," he said reflectively, "when I was a little lad she did teach me to say 'Now I lay me, but,

you see, I left home, and I haven't prayed since."

But he found the Lord, however! Never having possessed a Bible in his life, he

On Horseback in Celebes

A STORY OF AN EXCITING MISSIONARY JOURNEY

The following extracts from the hurriedly written "Travel Notes" of Staff-Captain Woodward, the Divisional Officer for the Celebes Division, convey some idea of the difficulties encountered by such Comrades when carrying out their duties. The full record tells of many Meetings held and of the rallying up of little children at various centres where the message of Salvation is proclaimed:

"I had some trouble with the horse from Rowiga, which I had borrowed, as my horse had run away," says the Staff-Captain. "The Rowiga horse pulled down a pillar of the outhouse, broke the bridle and was so frightened and nervous that I could not use him, so I borrowed a horse and started off alone at 8:30 a.m. instead of 6:30 a.m. as I had intended."

"The first 21 km was uneven, but after this I had to dismount and walk a good deal. Sometimes I came to large falls of earth. At twelve o'clock it began to rain and kept on, so that when I reached Koelawi soon after two in the

Presently his head appeared and he swam and tried to get out, but the bank was too steep. He was swept down by the current and landed on the opposite shore about a quarter of a mile down stream. The saddle was gone, the broken bridle only remained. The poor animal was exhausted but after a while was able to walk.

"I had been an exciting experience, for I nearly went through the bridge with him. The boys were very much afraid and thought that they would be accused of murdering me if I had been killed."

"The day following, the horse was apparently very little the worse for its fall, but as I had no saddle I had to walk. Bareback riding is too painful for me."

"I left Karangana at 6:30 in the morning and had four hours walk to Mapshi where we left the horse and after a rest I went on to Banaseo."

"The rattan bridge between Mapshi and Banaseo is nineteen meters above the water and has just had a floor of planks put on."



The Leper Corps at Pehantengan, Java, with Brigadier and Mrs. Thomson (since retired) and Captain and Mrs. Mepham, Canada West Missionary Officers.

afternoon, I was wet through. My boys were in Koelawi so I had dry clothes on very soon and after some food, I led a Meeting in the school at 4 o'clock.

Horse Rolled into the Water

"In the morning I left Gimpo, a place subsequently visited after a variety of experiences, and crossed the River Keve and reached Pili at eleven. Tananagle at half past twelve and Karangana at one o'clock.

The rattan bridge was apparently as good as when I crossed it six months ago, but my boy was afraid of the horse so I led it myself on to the bridge. When only a little way on the bridge, it began to rock and the horse was frightened, kicked out, smashed a plank and his foot went through. Struggling to get his foot back, he broke more planks and his hindquarters were off the bridge altogether and in a moment he slipped backwards, turned a half somersault and the saddle broke the hook on a rock, the saddle broke the force of the fall. The horse then rolled into the water and sank.

"There was no Meeting in the evening, but many people came to see me, for I had worked this place as an Outpost from Kantewoe for six or seven years. The bedstead in the Quarters was too short for me, so I had to sleep on the floor."

The holding of public Meetings, the Dedication of children, and the conducting of classes as well as interviews with the native people, and with native Officers, form part of Staff-Captain's work, all of which is carried on in a spirit of cheerful courage for the Glory of God and the extension of His Kingdom.

"The Banasoe people were disappointed that I did not bring the horse over, nor had he ever been brought over before, and they wanted me to be the first to bring one, but I told them that I had had enough of horses on rattan bridges yesterday to let me quite a time, and offered a reward to anyone who would recover the saddle, but they said the current by the bridge was too dangerous. The last hour at Banasoe was terribly hot, so after dinner I was glad to rest."

The Bed was Too Short!

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left the Hall that night with one in his hand. God gave heart and joy and peace to his soul. Hallelujah!—Van Kraamen, Captain, in the Chicago "Cry".

Acknowledgement—Adapted from "War Cry."

The Penitent Thief and the Kindly Judge

A Tale of the great Tokyo Earthquake and an Interesting Story!

Captain Nagashima in the Japanese edition of the U.S.A. (Western) "War Cry" tells a story which reveals the power of love to help and save.

Not long ago when two Japanese judges and a procurator visited the United States on their way home from Europe, the Captain dined with the gentlemen mentioned, who expressed themselves thankful for much they had learned and seen, and were full of gratitude.

After their experiences, they declared, they were resolved, so far as expedient, to modify harshness in the treatment of offenders, a statement which very naturally gave the Captain pleasure.

The kind gentleman mentioned the Captain then related the following personal experience: "About the time of the great earthquake in Tokyo, I was in charge of The Salvation Army Corps in Sano city situated in Tochigi Prefecture. When a criminal arose, my services were required at the local court."

"A judge there happened to tell me one day of the following: 'Mr. Nagashima,' said he, 'I had an interesting case recently, we caught a thief in the town who violated the law several times, and, after a close examination, we found him to be the man who had been in the care of a gentleman who was the head of the Ex-convict Protection Institution.'

"The prisoner got away from the police, taking advantage of the great earthquake in Tokyo where he stole money and clothes and other things from the gentleman mentioned. At last he was caught by police."

"I judged his case to be similar to the case of a house dog biting its master's hand! I suspected too, that the man had been guilty of other criminal offences which were not brought in evidence by his confession. The master was mentioned to the gentleman, who, though recognising the man's faults, said: 'He served me faithfully while he was with me,' and as a result of his pleading we were favorably affected."

Thorough-going Repentance

"In the court we told the man that we had spoken with the one he had robbed, this was news to him and at once he changed color. He thought that his whole secret had been detected. But as soon as a letter from the policeman was read, the policeman, his master, was deeply moved and said: 'As I have betrayed such a good master, and have violated the law, I now realize my deplorable character and am perfectly willing to suffer the heavy punishment I deserve.' But the procurator said, I, punished him with a fine only. In consequence of his thorough-going repentance,

"Then with tears, the man began to declare that the decision was in error to be true. And the procurator said I shed tears with him. Indeed the court atmosphere had changed, from a severe where the law should be firmly pronounced, to a place where the spirit of divine love was dominant."

"The man was released and made substantial work and sent five dollars to him, saved five, and ten when he was released, and paid off the whole amount on the in a very short time. Ever since that man has worked honestly, and he has at times sent a letter to court and said that all is well with him and that never again will he trouble the court."

The three visiting judicial officers listened with keen interest to the Japanese story and then, looking at each other, they said: "We know that you mention, he is one of our friends. It is an very strange and wonderful. We are very glad to hear of such a beautiful story as this."

THIS is a story I have told countless times, but it will bear telling again. It is a tale of the saving power of Jesus' Name.

For many more years than I can say he had been a drunkard; his name was a by-word for all that was dirty and wretched in sin. He was the bogey of the district. Filthy, bleared, and seared. Not old as days go, but bowed and decrepit as though years and years had passed over his dirty head.

He crawled around the town begging a drink from any who would "treat" him. One of his nicknames was "Tom Swill-tub," acquired because of his habit of sopping up the dregs which other men had left in their glasses. His coming into any respectable saloon—if there be any respectable Gateways to Hell—was the signal for hours of protests. Only in the lowest depths of saloons was he allowed, scarcely tolerated there.

One day he listened to the Gospel Message as the people of The Army told it and sang it down by the quay-side. He was not thought to be listening, for he lay by a mooring post as though in a drunken sleep, but he was listening for all that, even though, at first, too lazy to open his eyes. I have often wondered what particular word or song it was that penetrated his muddled brain, but the sword of the Spirit is a mighty penetrator, and that afternoon it pierced "even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." "Tom Swill-tub" heard the Word of God, and awoke to righteousness.

He Stumbled to the Penitent-Form

He came to The Army Meeting. He stumbled along to the Penitent-Form, and sobbingly he poured out his sins. Some of the lookers-on thought they were but drunken, maddlin' tears, but they were those of a "sorrow meet for repentance."

Then there began a fight such as Tom had never thought he could face. He went straight from that Penitent-Form down the street, and before he reached his home that evening he was in drink again. But he went to the Penitent-Form again. He went to the drink again. He came and went so often that it was little wonder that the Soldiers lost faith in him, and well nigh faith for him.

One day a new Officer came, and he had the most charming, trustful little wife that ever one could imagine. She was, almost from the first, the idol of Tom's eyes, and she knew it. It was no earthly love that she had for that drunken, back-sliding, disgrace-bringing man; it was the love of Heaven which she felt for him. "Though all forsake thee, yet not I," she seemed to say. "I will have faith for him, no matter what happens," was her motto.

And so, every time Tom came to the Penitent-Form it was this woman and her lover-husband who accompanied Tom back to his home. They saw him past

"The Name"

By LT.-COLONEL ED. H. JOY

Jesus, that in All Things He Might Have the Pre-Eminence

—(Col. 1. 18)

He crawled around the town begging a drink from anybody who would "treat" him. One of his nicknames was "Tom Swill-Tub."
"The Name?" he said, "The Name of Jesus, ma'am?" "Yes, Tom," she said again, "Breathe that holy Name in prayer."

the doors of the drinking-places, and was out over the town, away to the sea, still again and again. Then, to complete his disaster, the Officers had farewelled others and Tom was still a drunkard.

A dear old soul in the Corps, a sweet motherly soul, had been sick for months, and she had heard the tale of Tom's woes and failings. She sent a message to ask him to call on her. Wondering at the honor thus done him, yet, of course, suspecting the real reason, he took his way to that sick room. What a contrast was there. The thin, pale face, the almost seraphic smile of welcome. And Tom—dirty, half-drunk, his breath already before the flower-scented room.

"Do You Think that Would Help?"
He waited awfully. "Tom," she whispered, "Tom, have you ever tried The Name?" "Tried The Name, ma'am, tried The Name? I don't understand you," said the visitor. "The Name of Jesus, Tom," she said. "No, ma'am; I do you think that would help?"

Well can I remember that room, it was one where I had sat for many an hour listening to the heavenly-worldly wisdom of that soldierly saint. It stood on high ground, and the view from that window

Just in the foreground was a long stretch of garden and lawn, in summer redolent with the perfume of flowers and humming with the cheerful chirp of insect and the song of birds. The memory of the view gives me nostalgia as I write.

His Dirty Face Lined with Tears
And Tom stood there, at the bed-side—also looking out on the town and towards the sea. "The Name," he said. "The Name of Jesus, ma'am?" "Yes, Tom," she said again.

"When temptations round you gather, Breathe that Holy Name in prayer."

And then Tom knew what she meant. He bowed his head, his dirty face was already lined with tears, and he said, "Jesus! You must help me." And dear, saith Mother Dowell said, "Amen."

Encouraged Tom tried "The Name." He wrenched it as he went down the street to the town that afternoon; he prayed it as he stood on the threshold of the drinking saloon; and strange, passing strange to him, it worked. He did not want to drink—or when he did, he just said, "Jesus," and—it worked. (That seems too material an expression, but it is not so material.)

The days went by, they lengthened. The weeks, and months, and years went by, and gradually the chains were loosened, the fetters were falling—and Tom went forth free. He had found the power of Jesus' Name. Constantly he said it, constantly he "breathed that holy Name in prayer." The months had become more than a year, and the temptation had left him; Tom walked our town a recognised Salvation-veteran.

One day he stood by the doorway of a saloon engaged in a hurried conversation. There was a stream of merrymaking in and out of the drinking place, and the fumes of the bar floated out to the street. It seemed as though those fumes were the fends of hell, and almost without knowing what he was doing, Tom turned into the bar, and, walking up to the counter, called for some drink. The bar man gave a saturnine grin, which Tom failed to see. Thirstily, impatiently, Tom drummed on the leaden counter; all the fends of his former life struggling for possession once more. It was a moment full of tragedy.

At the back of the bar was the little parlor of the publican's wife. A trim little room it was, always cosy and neat, so utterly in contrast to the smoky, sawdusted saloon. She must have had some drawings towards religion—or was it that the Watchful Spirit had so planned it—for on the wall of that parlor, right facing the doorway at the back of the bar, hung a text: J-E-S-U-S, that in all things he might have Pre-eminence.

The Name Conquered

The drink was at Tom's elbow, nay, more than that, the pot was in his hand. And Tom was staring fascinated, not at the drink—that had become a thing of horror—but at *The Name*. Jesus! Jesus!

The Name conquered. Spilling over the liquid, he turned, heedless not the call of the barman for payment, but with head bowed, and shoulders bent, he rushed as though he had been the man running from the City of Destruction. Saved by the power of Jesus' Name.

Years and years went by. Tom was no longer known as "Swill-Tub." Some who came new to the town, wondered, and thought it almost a blasphemy that across his Army guernsey he had blazoned The Name—"Jesus," but they soon heard the story, for Tom was always telling it.

One evening he lay dying. The sun of the lovely spring day in May was setting behind the hills at the back of the town, and its last lingering glories were flooding the room in which he lay, lighting up the same text which was ever before him, and Tom was going home to be with God.

As he went, those who stood around his bed, sang softly, and he joined in as best he could—

"Happy if with my latest breath I may but gasp His Name; Preach Him to all and cry in death, Behold, behold the Lamb."



He lay as though in a drunken sleep.

HE IS CALLING, CALLING

ONE of the greatest battles in the American Civil War was over. They had flashed a message up to Philadelphia and New York that the number of the slain exceeded that of any other battle in the war, and fathers and mothers began to go from those two great cities to find out about their boys.

One old Quaker man went from Philadelphia—John Hartman by name. He had a son by the same name. He went to Headquarters, and cried, "Hs my son calling. Oh, answer, answer, for His answer to his name, ? They said, "No, Name's sake."

And the old man went out across the battlefield, seeking his boy, and he could not find him. Night came on, and he went back to Headquarters, and said, "Give me a Intern." They gave him a lantern, and he went out again seeking his boy. He would hold the lantern in one hand, as he stepped down to look into this face of that.

Suddenly the wind blew out the light. There he stood in the midst of the battlefield with the dead and dying all about him. He did what I think he did if any of us were ever lost on the battlefield. He stood there and with his hands to his mouth, he shouted out, "John Hartman, it's your father, it's your father." A soldier-boy at his feet moaned and

said, "O, God, if it were mine." Finally, away in the distance he heard, "Here, father, here." Over the dead and past the dying he went, and he caught his son in his arms, and carried him to the hospital—love giving him strength. And John Hartman, so they say, lives today in the City of Philadelphia.

Up and down this world today the Name is moving; over and over the battlefield of life. He is stopping beside the man, the woman bound and bruised and wounded by sin, and He is calling, and He is calling. Oh, answer, answer, for His

LONG ENOUGH A-COMIN'

SOME years ago at a cottage Meeting in an Adelaide (Australian) suburb, a Cornish woman sought salvation, kneeling at one of the chairs that had been placed for penitents. After a while, feeling no different, and determined to get what she sought, she changed her position, and knelt at another chair. Presently she complained to the Captain, "I don't feel any different here."

The soldiers were singing, "My chains fell off." "Sing with us," urged the Captain. "Sing, 'My chains fell off,' and

believe that your chains of sin do fall off." Soon there was a great commotion. The weaker leaped to her feet. "I've got it! I've got it!" she shouted. She waved her hands in ecstasy, and the tears streamed down her face. "Oh, glory, hallelujah! I've got it!"

The two Officers took home the happy, singing convert. "There's a policeman at the corner; he'll be arresting us," said the Lieutenant.

"I don't feel care what he do," cried the woman. "I've got it! Hallelujah!" "When I get home," she said, presently "John'll be a-bed. I'll get him out, and make him pray."

Her husband proved obdurate, but his wife kept the glory and prayed for him.

It was on a Congress Sunday twenty-two years later when the old man knelt at the Mersey-Seat. Strangely enough the Officer who dealt with him was the very one who had led the cottage Meeting in which the old man had sought salvation.

"I've got it!" he said, in response to the Officer's query, "and I've been long enough a-comin', ain't I?"—The Sydney War Cry.

God does not want golden vessels, and He does not ask for silver vessels, but He must have clean vessels.



Staff-Captain A. Steele—Manitoba and N.W. Ontario.



Staff-Captain H. Taitte—South Saskatchewan Division



Staff-Captain J. Merritt—Alberta Division

THE WAR CRY THE CALL OF THE OPEN AIR

A Summertime Message to all who love God and Souls

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

William Booth
General

Brannwell Booth
International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commissioner,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Chas. Rich.

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OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of The General)

TO BE CAPTAIN:

Pro-Captains Mildred Reed, Edith Gribble, Ruby, Elizabeth Little, Eddie Stevens, John Hind, Bruce Leather, Norman Ennis and James Habkirk.

TO BE LIEUTENANT:

Pro-Lieutenants Florence Cook, Lillian Park, Daisy Stothard, Dorothy Wall, Sarah Holmes, Jonas Anderson and Talmane Hamilton.

CHAS. T. RICH
Lt.-Commissioner.

THE GENERAL'S HEALTH

We are thankful to be able to announce that on the whole a change for the good has taken place in the General's health.

Mrs. Booth, who is with the General at the seaside resort where he is recuperating, feels that he is more rested, and she is greatly relieved at the opinion expressed by the doctor who is attending him, that, with sustained quiet and freedom from the anxiety of affairs, he will win back his strength.

The General and Mrs. Booth both greatly appreciate the numerous messages of sympathy which continue to reach them from all over the world.

"Lord, Lord, When . . ."

If the relentless lover of our souls walked through our streets and said conditions of poverty, ill-health and ignorance, as very few of us—if He could meet the millions of some of the holes where poor people dwell; if He were to visit the beer-parlors; if He could go to our race tracks and see men and women recklessly gambling away their wages for an hour's alleged sport, victims of the lust for money on the part of bookmakers, rather than sinners; if He could visit some houses where that lovely thing called innocent womanhood is counted very cheap; if He could walk through some of our mills, factories, mines, offices, slums, markets, and we could see His face, we should not be reminded of the "gentle Jesus," but of the "Son of God" whose flaming eyes over innocent thoughts perceive.

"Lord Jesus, Lord!" orthodoxy, and to call Him "Lord, Lord," is pitiful, but do not the things that He says, is blasphemy?" And few would escape the censure of those eyes, for to find time for business, dress and our own selfish enjoyment, trying to squeeze the last drop of pleasure out of life, always obsessed by what we can get out of the community and never what we can put into the community, putting self first, and having a good time, re-pudiating all obligation, and hating all self-discipline, never sacrificially thinking of the poor, the helpless, the sick, the halt, or of children robbed of childhood's heritage, is a greater blasphemy than to deny the existence of God, and while our consciences sleep about the things that curse God's lovely world we are guilty of sharing in them.

SUMMER

Summer—and the glory
Of sunshine warm and bright;
Summer—and the perfume
Of roses, red and white;
Summer—and the rapture
Of bird-song in the air—
Brightness, beauty, music,
And God is everywhere.

It is the glory of The Salvation Army that we are called to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to every man, woman, or child and that there is no difference in place—but that we call "all men, everywhere, to repent!" Everywhere!

In doing this we are in good company and on safe ground. We often used to hear it said by the early-day Officers of The Army that, "Jesus died in the Open-Air; and so we preach Christ crucified in the Open-Air; that, of course, was in the days when respectable men and women fell foul of us because of our Open-Air activities, but it is a heartening thought even for these days.

When The Army Founder, while yet a lad in his teens, bought a chair out into the street, and, stretching on it told the people the love of Christ, he was following a custom that had persisted for more than 5,000 years. For it can be shown with no fear of refutation, that Open-Air work for God is as old as preaching itself. We are at liberty to believe that Enoch, the seventh from Adam, when he prophesied, asked for no better platform than the hill-side, and Noah, as a preacher of righteousness, was willing to reason with his fellowmen in the ship-yard wherein his marvellous ark was built.

Certainly Moses and Joshua found their most convenient place for addressing vast assemblies beneath the uplifted arch of Heaven. Samuel closed an address in the field at Gilgal amid thunder and rain, by which the Lord hurled the people and drove them to their knees.

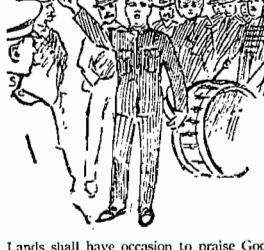
Elijah stood on Carmel, and challenged the vacillating nation with, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Jonah, whose spirit was somewhat similar, lifted up the cry of warning in the streets of Nineveh, and in all the places of concourse gave forth a warning utterance, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown!"

Yet forty days"—one can imagine the feverish haste with which the prophet would utter these words; the urgency of the thought that he had but six short weeks—as we reckon them—before there

would come the fulfilment of his message, and the doom upon the people of that city. And when one comes to think of it there is little more time than that—if that, my Lord—in which we can tell out our message to the summer crowds. These summer days, how brief and fleeting they are.

Even as we write the winter seems to be hurrying on with its cold, its snow and ice. Let us not waste a single moment of these "Open-Air Days"; let us see to it that Christ is uplifted again and again. Let there be no passing crowd on the streets or in the market places, or by the countryside, which is not compelled to halt for a few moments to hear the tale of "Jesus Died." Let there be no individual soul who has not heard the message.

"If I be lifted up," He said, "I will draw all men unto me." Let us see that this blessed charge is blessedly fulfilled, and hundred throughout these Western



Lands shall have occasion to praise God for the wayside ministry of The Army during these summer days.

*In the open air our Army we prepare,
As we rally round our blessed standard
there,
And the Saviour's cross we gladly learn
to bear,
While we work till Jesus calls.*

TERRITORIAL TABLE TALK

Winnipeg, July 5th

Winnipeg Salvationists are requested to take note that the Commissioner will conduct the Farewell of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson in the Garrison Auditorium (and not in the Citadel, as previously announced) on Monday next, July 9th. The following evening Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson will meet the Officers and men of the Logan Avenue Hostel for a Final Farewell, and leave for "down east" on the afternoon of Wednesday.

We are glad to announce that the Chief Secretary continues to make good progress and seems in no way hindered in such by the recent small adventures he has made into official and public affairs.

"They rest from their labor" may be thought by the members of the Field Department these days; but reliable information is to the effect that the test which is engaging their attention is "Their works do follow them."

Ensign Capon is appointed to the Financial Department at Territorial Headquarters, San Francisco. The best of wishes go with him and his.

During the Garrison Recess, Brigadier and Mrs. Carter will be visiting several points in the interest of the Candidates Department, interviewing and advising young people in regard to the call of Officership.

Mrs. Whitley, the aged sister of our dear comrade, Lt.-Colonel Phillips, recently passed through Winnipeg en route from Herefordshire; she is to spend the remainder of her days with the Colonel and Mrs. Phillips in Vancouver.

Adjutant and Mrs. Atton have taken up their duties in connection with the Sandy Hook Camp, and are already prime favorites with all their constituents.

Adjutant Davies is doing temporary and vacation-duty at Calgary for two months. She is being assisted by Cadet-Sergeants Acey and Fraser. We predict a rousing time for all concerned.

Captain Margaret Stratton, of Box 244, Nelson, B.C. begs that we will say she is in urgent need of a good English concertina, and will appreciate hearing from any comrade who has such an article for disposal.

Congratulations to Will Carroll; his Book Index is now being published in the Toronto "Cry," which all goes to prove that he has hit upon a good thing that others do well to follow.

One of the best items of news we have heard for long time—Ensign Eva Leadbetter! And on July 4th too!

William George Kerr, Junior, is now fully equipped for the battle of life, having been dedicated by the Field Secretary during a visit to Calgary.

Staff-Captain Steele has secured a charming camp site on the East Shore of Lake Winnipeg for the Manitoba Life-Saving Camp. The young boys who come under that comrade are promising themselves a wild time under canvas and elsewhere. Parents of the same are requested not to worry, any casualties will be reported immediately—by request.

What the speaker was saying was quite unknown to the folk in the back benches, who presently began to shout, "Speak up!" and kept on shouting it, as their first appeals were fruitless. At last man in the second row from the front rose in his place and turned to the disrupters at the rear, "What's the matter?" "It's all right; I can't hear you," "No," shouted the protestors. "Then be thankful," he answered, "we can."

Mrs. Commr. Higgins in Liverpool

Civic Visit by the Lord Mayor

The latest British "War Cry" tells of a stirring weekend spent at Liverpool by H. Corps by Mrs. Commissioner Higgins, on which occasion the Lord Mayor of the city (Miss Margaret Beaven) paid an official visit.

When Liverpool's "little mother" as the Lord Mayor is affectionately called—arrived at the Citadel, she was received by nearly two hundred Life-Saving Scouts and Guards, who stood smartly at attention while the distinguished visitor passed down the lines, freely expressing as she did so, her appreciation of their smartness.

The City's Chief Magistrate invited the Salvationists for their warm reception, and said: "One thing the always commends The Salvation Army to me is that it seems to draw closer together the bonds of family and home life. You nearly always find husband and wife working together in The Salvation Army, and you often find the children following on."

Commissioner H. W. Mapp

Returning from Australasia

Commissioner Henry Mapp, International Secretary, who has been conducting Congresses in Australasia, is due to arrive in Toronto, en route to England, on July 19th, where he will join Mrs. Mapp, who has been visiting her children in the United States and Canada.

Col. Gustav Reinhardsen of U.S.A.

Promoted to Glory

NEWS has been received at Territorial Headquarters of the sudden Promotion to Glory of Colonel Gustav S. Reinhardsen, of the United States. The Colonel was a well known figure in Army circles in America, and for several years past has occupied Staff positions of National importance, his last appointment being that of National Auditor and Finance Secretary, in which duty he has been closely associated with Commander Evangeline Booth.

His passing will create a vacancy in The American Forces in our Sister Territories which it will be hard to fill, the Colonel by reason of his intimate knowledge of financial and allied matters, having been a much valued colleague.

He entered the Service in 1888 from Brooklyn, and bore with characteristic bravery and generosity the scuds and sneers, not to say blows and opprobrium, of those early days. He continued and faithful adherence to the principles of The Army, his loyal comradeship and faithfulness to the Flag during all the intervening years have endeared him to all who knew him and served under or with him. His death will be a great loss to all his dear ones, his Commander and all at the American Headquarters; he will also be remembered with particular affection by those in other parts of The Army world who have come under his influence.

We offer our comradesy sympathy to all such, and remember, too, that these passings also constitute a cause of anxiety to the General, and the Chief of the Staff, and our International Leaders.

"Down East"

At the commissioning of the "Dreadless" Session of Cadets, conducted by Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell, there were large and enthusiastic assemblies. Mrs. Mapp was present and took part in the event.

Commissioner Maxwell is engaged to conduct the Newfoundland Cadets from July 6th to July 11th. There is additional interest in this, in so far as the fact that Lt.-Colonel Whately and Major Church are to be in the Convalescent Party. This will also be the occasion of the farewell of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Moore.

Lt.-Colonel Henry Bennett (D) is the conductor of a party of new Canadians—boys—on the "Empress of Canada." The Colonel will be remembered by many old-time comrades as having served for several years as an Officer in the Garrison, his wife being a sister to Mr. Colone Martin of Chicago.

The Marquess of Lincolnshire

Passing of one of The Army's
Most Staunch Friends A Link
with The Founder

BY THE END of the day, an eighty-five years of age, of the Marquess of Lincolnshire, The Army has lost an old and staunch friend as well as a link with the Founder, with whom he had intimate acquaintance for many years.

The story, which Lord Lincolnshire once told of his first meeting with the Founder is characteristic of the man and of his unswerving championship of all appealing help.

Arriving by train late one night at High Wycombe (where he lived) he found a state of great disorder reigning outside the railway station. Inquiring the cause of the trouble he was informed that a Salvation Army riot was taking place. As a matter of fact no personal riot was being made upon The Army's Leader. Forcing himself through the crowd, by the aid of the police he led the General to his carriage, drove him to his own home, and entertained him there for the night.

Many years later the Marquess presided at the opening function of one of The Army's Land Colonies, and during the course of his speech said it had been his good fortune to have a close friendship with three great ecclesiastics. The first was Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, who represented Faith; the second was Cardinal Manning, who reminded him of Hope; but certainly not least came his old and gallant friend, the Founder, who had brought him to represent Charity. "Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the greatest of these is Charity," said his Lordship, placing his hand upon the General's shoulder, a spontaneous act of friendliness which was specially pleasing to the audience.

British Field Notes

More than seven hundred suitable Candidates have applied for the next Session at the International Training Garrison which commences in August next. The required seven hundred for the Centenary Session having been selected, the British Candidates Department is now dealing with applications for the 1929 Session.

Many Canada West Salvationists who hail from the Old Land will remember Staff-Captain Tom Body, once famous as a "Quarterly Collection Special." He has just passed to his eternal reward after a retirement of twenty-five years. He was seventy-three years of age.

A new Citadel has been opened for the Corps at Ellesmere Port, in the Liverpool Division. A new Hall has also been opened at Custom House, a densely populated district in East London.

On his way to commit a very desperate deed a man was last week attacked by the poster, "Salvation Brings Love and Happiness," displayed outside the Hall at Parkhead, Glasgow. After reading it he made his way to the Officers' Quarters, where, producing a knife, he unfolded a very sad story, and begged the Officer to show him the way of Salvation.

The Corps at Shaw (Lancs.) recently tried a new route for their march back to the Hall, and as a consequence a drunken man, was attracted to the Meeting, and knocked at the Penitent-Form. He is doing well as a convert.

Six hundred Young People attended a Y.P. Council at Blackburn, conducted by Commissioner Cunningham; the Day concluded with one hundred surrenders.

Brother Bernard Booth conducted two interesting gatherings at Barking and Southend; in the one there were twenty seven, and the other resulted in six at the Avery-Seat.

Hold up at Shaunavon

The South Saskatchewan Charitons are held up at Shaunavon—rains have made the roads impassable. However, the Showers of Blessing are helping forward, for six more souls are reported, making fourteen forward during the three days the Chariot has been in the town.

The Self-Denial Campaign

A Letter from the Commissioner

Territorial Headquarters
Winnipeg

July 5th, 1928.

My Dear Comrades and Friends:

It will be readily understood that the final settlement and adjustment of the Self-Denial Fund totals cannot be made within a few days, especially having regard to the widespread area over which we have been operating, and the very many individuals who have been glad to have had a share in the Campaign. We have now arrived at the final figures, and but for our desire to give full space to our triumphant Garrison Commissioning we should have published the positive results last week.

A glance at the Statement given below will show that the splendid total of \$77,166.30 has been raised as compared with \$75,003.27 for last year, being an increase of \$2,163.03.

This result means much in the helping of needy branches of The Army Operations—at home and abroad—and some relief for those upon whose shoulders there rests the heavy burden of financing the same.

There is one very happy feature in connection with this year's Effort. There has been a marked increase in the personal giving within our own ranks. One has only to recall some of the wonderful Altar Service manifestations; Winnipeg Citadel and Vancouver Citadel Altar Gifts were approximately \$1,500. Leaving the sphere of Corps supported by workers, let us remember the Service at the Training Garrison, where the Cadets who drew their last wages at least eight months previously, placed \$125 on the Altar. These are signs which

Division	1927	1928
Manitoba and North-West Ontario	\$23,828.88	\$24,662.27
Southern Saskatchewan	12,919.91	12,911.28
Northern Saskatchewan	8,029.93	8,559.28
Alberta	13,424.04	13,149.60
Southern British Columbia	16,305.93	17,722.73
Northern British Columbia and Alaska	2,268.95	2,322.60
	\$76,777.64	\$79,327.76
Less Corps Expenses	1,774.37	2,161.46
	\$75,003.27	\$77,166.30

cause one to rejoice, and I venture particularly to say that He Who Knows and sees all things has a special interest in such Offerings.

Thankful for every dollar, for every dime, grateful to every donor, mindful of every worker, on behalf of The General, whose heart has been gladdened by our Territorial achievements, I pledge careful spending of this money, and promise that The Army will continue to address itself to the faithful preaching of the Gospel and the uplift and betterment of the needy everywhere.

Having made this announcement in respect to the Self-Denial Campaign, and feeling a great measure of gratitude in regard thereto, for the relief it will afford us in many directions, I call upon all loyal Salvationists throughout Canada West to get ready for

The Centenary Call Campaign

It will be remembered that our beloved General has given us this Call to commemorate the Centenary of the birth of our great Founder, and that it is expected of The Army all around the World to make such advances, consolidations, and endeavours, as will afford a real tribute to him of whom it might well be said, thousands, under God, owe their eternal salvation or all they now have of material prosperity.

During recent years much has been done in Western Canada to build up The Army—in flesh and blood and spirit, as well as properties of utility and importance, but there is much more very much more to be done. The Centenary Call Campaign will afford us that opportunity, and during the next few weeks we shall formulate the Territorial Plans. In the meantime, get ready.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

Dear S. Rich
Lt.-Commissioner.

The Commissioner at Sandy Hook Camp

THE Commissioner and Mrs. Rich were very welcome visitors at Sandy Hook Camp for July 1st, where they found a large crowd of Mothers and "Fresh Air" children all ready to receive them, and to join in health with The Army exercises of the Sunday.

Knowing how well the Commissioner can adapt himself to a free and easy kind of a gathering, it will be understood that the crowd who clustered into the Camp Dining Hall had a happy or uncomfortable hour. Songs and short talks were the order all through.

Adjutant Acton was the precentor-in-chief, and while he was on his feet, kept things moving. The Brandon Home Choir added their sweet chorals to the event, and it goes without saying that Lt.-Colonel Sims was vociferously received.

The Commissioner brought the Meeting to a close with a happily pointed address, such as could be understood by every individual present—young and old. One announcement which he made has created some eagerness; a special prize to the boy or girl now in Camp who collects the best bouquet of wild flowers, and another prize for the most complete list of the various kinds of birds seen at the Camp. Nothing has been said up to date about the varieties of "sketches".

At the night Meeting, where the Commissioner also presented himself for a short season, there was another lively programme. L.-S. Scout Wilfred Taylor distinguished himself by "Telling Stories," and Brigadier Park addressed the Meeting. Another season of "Community Singing" of course. E.S.

Salvaging Humanity

Salvage is a word that is generally used in connection with goods saved from fire or shipwreck; but a mother salvages the dresses of her older daughters when she makes them over for the younger ones.

"I had a dream the other night,

It was a very droll one;

I dreamed I had a brand-new hat,

Made out of my daddy's ol' one."

Some of us, who are old enough to vote, recognize these lines as the Friday afternoon speech of a small boy in a country school.

It is interesting to see a shoemaker look over a pair of old shoes, trying to decide if they are worth fixin'. Have you ever had the upholsterer make over an old davenport or a set of chairs? Wasn't the transformation wonderful?

A Junk Heap

There are some people, who, when looking on a junk-heap, always find themselves thinking, "What a pity this or that has been thrown away. Somebody could work over it and make it serviceable and beautiful."

Ships, automobiles, furniture, everything that is made for use, eventually wears out, but it is sad to see these things go to their several graveyards.

The greatest salvaging on earth is that which rehabilitates human beings. Speaking in terms of the purely physical, the surest of a firm business is the repairing of injuries.

Far be it from me to undervalue the work of the churches—any of them—but, somehow, I feel and have always felt that the greatest saving organization on earth is The Salvation Army.

It doesn't sound very pretty to speak of a human junk-heap, but there are wrecks of humanity, mere hulls that once were handsome, stalwart men; drab shadows that once were once beautiful charming women.

Salvaging Humans

The motto of The Salvation Army is: "A man may be down, but he is never out." Mother may throw the old dress aside and say, "Not worth fixin'." The shoemaker may shake his head and say "Impossible." The upholsterer may say, "It would be cheaper to get something new." The surgeon may turn away, sadly saying, "There is nothing more I can do." Not so The Salvation Army. If there is skin and bones and pulse they are ready and glad to try to salvage the miserable piece of human junk. And they often succeed.

W. F. Melton in the Atlanta "Cry."

The Deliberations of Dorcas Domore



July 5th, 1928.

Dear Mr. Editor:-
I have told Daniel that I will write these Notes this week, although I am sorry I have promised, for it is sad work saying a column-ful when really you have nothing to say that is worth saying. I expect you often feel like that, in fact, I am sure you do.

It happens, however, that my dear husband is far from well. He got greatly excited at the recent Commissioning, and over-did himself. He says it was that we had too many visitors over the weekend (*So it was*), but really it was nothing of the sort. You understand, Mr. Editor, that he is not as young as he was, and he will go to every meeting that comes along, although, as he so kindly informed you, I did get him to stay in on Sunday afternoon.

Then, he does not quite know what to do about that letter he has had from the D.C. about going with the Chariot. He is all eager to put in some days with them, but he has a feeling that he is being cold-shouldered. Further, he is greatly worried about those "Crys" which the Cadets used to sell, and about which he can get no satisfaction. I tell him not to worry, but that, maybe, somebody up at the Garrison is doing the selling in the meantime. (*For the last time, gone long.*)

Ever since he had the D.C.'s letter he has been getting out some of his old Sermon Books, and rattling away on our old typewriter, getting out sheaves of notes, until he makes me tired. I want to know who is going to pay his fare out to the places he wants to visit—I'm not doing it out of my house-keeping money; and I know just about the extent of his pocket-money. (*I'll say you do.*)
Sperks, Sask., July 1.

Dear Mr. Domore:

I take great pleasure in reading your letters, and would be very sorry if you would give up writing them and go away on the Chariot. I know you would try to get somebody to take your place, but the letters would not be as good as yours. Don't be discouraged about the "War Crys," as soon as the holidays are over I am sure the sales will go up again. In my little town I sell about fourteen copies every week, and there is only a population of one hundred all told. It is too bad Dorcas can't get a girl to help her, and let you have all your time to write. I do hope you will stay at your job, and not go on the Chariot.

I am, yours truly,
C.C. Mabel Laloud.

My word, Mr. Editor, you ought to see how that letter has bucked up Danny; he says he really is some use in the world now. I often say that it doesn't take much to cheer the men folk.

I must bring this rambling letter to a close—there is nothing in it—like the promises of some people in regard to the circulation of our dear papers. However, when they get settled in their new Corps they will either make some promises, or "get down to rock bottom again."

Yours ever so sincerely,
Dorcas Domore.

P.S.—Dannys wants me to assure you that there is nothing seriously wrong with him, nothing contagious, and that if you want to see him, we are still at the address we were at when you called before Christmas.

Victory Winning on the Field

New Band Instruments Presented

Grandview, (Ensign and Mrs. Thierstein). The farewell Meetings of Ensign and Mrs. McEachern were very impressive, and a great surge of blessing came upon us. As a result, two seckers were registered. The Ensign and Mrs. McEachern, with their true love for souls, and their sterling Salvationism, have endeared themselves to us all.

In the Holiness Meeting Mrs. Staff-Captain Bourne who led some helpful testimonies and Mrs. McEachern spoke convincingly. In the afternoon our Officers bade farewell to the children and Y.P. Workers. At night Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Phillips was another unexpected but welcome visitor. The Ensign's last address contained much food for thought, and we all rejoiced at the following denunciation of Christ's saving power.

Monday evening we all joined in a Farewell Social, at which there was a large attendance. The Y.P. Band provided a short program of music, as did the Senior Band later in the evening.

JAIL MEETINGS APPRECIATED

Prince Albert, (Captain and Mrs. Edwards). Last Sunday we said farewell to Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang, who have been with us for two years, during which time they helped and encouraged us, and worked hard indeed. They have gained many friends, both among Salvationists and the townspeople, and will long be remembered. On Sunday morning, when they had their last visit to the jail, where they have done much valuable work, Mrs. Fugelsang attending to the women, and the Ensign visiting the men. They have helped the prisoners spiritually, and have also written letters for them, and done other deeds of kindness. The Warden's wife expressed her appreciation of the work done. Before the Meeting closed, the Ensign and his wife, at the request of the prisoners, sang one more duet. Their singing has been an especial means of blessing to these men and women.

We pray that God will bless these Officers, and also our incoming leaders, Ensign and Mrs. Thierstein.

The auditorium of the new Junior High School was the scene of a very special event recently, at least, so far as Vancouver's Army Musical circles were concerned, when the Grandview Band gave a splendid Festival, under the direction of Bandmaster Fuler. Brigadier Layman was the Chairman on this occasion, and he was the most interesting item of the evening—the presentation of two new instruments, direct from The Salvation Army Instrument Factory at St. Albans. It may be imagined how much we enjoyed the duet given by Bandsmen Fitch and Warner, on these same two instruments, later in the evening. Through out the whole evening the Band responded splendidly to the baton, every member working enthusiastically.

On Wednesday last, the Band gave another Festival at Vancouver. Seven other Bands at Vancouver. Seven where a varied program was much enjoyed.—S.C.M.

The Corps Meetings on Sunday were very helpful with record attendances, and the last words of our Officers drew us near to God. During their stay with us many Meetings have been held in outside towns and villages, where we have often heard people say, "This is the first time I have heard The Salvation Army for years" or "since I left the Old Country." A warm welcome awaits Captain and Mrs. Edwards.—B.W.

FOUR REPENTANT SOULS

Macleod, (Captain Lesher and Lieutenant Thierstein). We were more than delighted to have Staff-Captain Merritt with us last weekend. His concertina playing, the new choruses introduced, and his words of counsel and cheer, especially, brought us great blessing. We rejoiced with the angels in heaven on Sunday night when four repentant souls sought forgiveness of their sins.—"Overcomer" and Mrs. Edwards.

Many Meetings and Partings

Victoria, (Adjutant and Mrs. Merrett). Victoria is a place of meetings and partings, and the Corps had a full share of both. We say "farewell" to many, although the figures do not always even up. We were pleased indeed to have Captain and Mrs. Carswell with us for a short visit recently. We have also enjoyed a weekend of much spiritual blessing with Envoy and Mrs. McGill leading on. Captain Miller of Seattle I also took part; we rejoiced over two souls seeking the Lord.

Brigadier Layman was the welcome visitor for the following Sunday, and four souls were the visible results in the Salvation Meeting. Rejoice with us for this.

The last weekend of June brought with it the forty-first anniversary of the Corps, and was also the occasion of the farewell of Commandant and Mrs. Jones, who have led us for two years. Many testified to the benefit of their meetings through their ministrations, both in the Meetings, and during personal contact. May God continue to use and bless them, in their new duties.

The following Tuesday a crowd of Soldiers and friends assembled at the ferry to bid them and their family God-

speed. From there the party moved to the P.R. docks to say goodbye to Bandsman E. Horne, the Spanish violinist, leaving for England. We then waited for the incoming boat, so that we might welcome home Songster-Sergeant Mrs. Telfer, who has been visiting Winnipeg. On Thursday Bandsman Hulse packed his trunk and departed for Winnipeg and on the same day our new Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Merrett arrived and were warmly welcomed. It was a busy week for those who attend, whenever possible, to this bit of service. The handshake and cheery word does count with those coming or going. Meanwhile, we trust that there are Bandsmen looking Victoriavarians.

The Home League held a most successful summer sale recently; the members, under Mrs. Commandant Jones and Treasurer Mrs. Rowan, worked hard in making arrangements, and the results are gratifying. The Band gave an hour's programme in the evening. Sister Mrs. Richards has been commissioned Home League Secretary; our comrade is a veteran Salvationist, and has seen many years' service in Newfoundland and Victoria. We are looking forward to progress under her leadership.—A.E.T.

HAVE YOU MADE A WILL?

May we suggest that if you have not done so, you should make one. We also suggest that by naming The Salvation Army for a legacy you can, in addition to aiding its work while you are with us, and we hope you may long be with us, also provide for the welfare of your town or city, in the event of your death, by leaving a sum of money to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the furtherance of The Salvation Army in the said Territory.

If it is desired that money be used for any particular branch of work, it should be here stated. Signed

FORM OF BEQUEST
I give, or will bequeath unto The Salvation Army, Canada West Territory, the sum of my property known as No. in the said town or city of to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the furtherance of The Salvation Army in the said Territory.

All checks should be made payable to The Salvation Army.

RED-HOT TESTIMONIES and SOULS

Winnipeg Citadel, (Adjutant and Mrs. Junker). The special series of welcome Meetings for our new Commanding Officer commenced with the Open-Air on Saturday evening. We had a wonderful time, the spirit of God was in our midst and the testimonies were red-hot. The Soldiers rallied well all day Sunday, making up, in some degree, for the absence of the Band, away on tour. At night the Y.P. Band helped us wonderfully. The Soldiers gave the Adjutant a warm welcome, and we are all looking forward to seeing Mrs. Junker when she returns from her visit to Denmark. At the close of the Salvation Meeting, two precious souls came to Jesus. Glory to His name!—C.S.M. J. Muir.

CAPTURES IN THE POURING RAIN

Biggar, (Captain Mary Smith and Lieutenant Carse). We have just said farewell to Captain and Mrs. Edwards, whose stay with us has been all too brief, these self-denying Officers were never too tired to visit and pray with those in need, and during their stay many wonderful cases of conversion have been recorded. Recently, during one wet Saturday evening's Open-Air, a man came out into the street, where we stood in water and mud, and wanted to know about the way of Salvation. The Captain invited him to the Meeting, and there he claimed Salvation.

On two occasions a woman stood and listened to the message in the Open-Air, both during the pouring rain. Last Saturday evening she came and stood in the ring, and then went to the Hall, where she dealt with and at last claimed Salvation. It appears that she was a Greek Catholic. She testifies to the fact that God Himself has now forgiven her sins, and she is praying that her husband, who is a Roman Catholic, may also come to the Army.

We pray that God will bless Captain and Mrs. Blue in their new appointment, and that His Spirit will also be with us, as we welcome our new Officers, Captain Smith and Lieutenant Carse.—A.D.

A Companion Tune Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Songs of The Army Song Book, and the Number and First Line of the Companion Tune Book, in the Band Tune Book.

(Compiled by Hon. Deputy Bandmaster Carroll, Bandmaster Carroll, and Bandmaster Carse.)

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes are marked thus (*).

Tune Book

The Call to Holiness 51 99
The Call to Holiness 51 99
341 Look, here I come 232 291 292 300
342 Now in a song of grateful 1 11 11
343 All people that on earth 239 319 319
344 All the world over 239 319 319
345 All the world over 67 58 58
346 Come with me 116 182 192 195
347 Why I am here 236 236
348 If this is flowers 236 236
349 If you want parsnip 238 238
351 Though your sins may 238 238
352 I am a soldier of Jesus 238 238
353 O Soldier of Jesus 238 238
354 Ye who know not 238 238
355 Come to Jesus 238 238
356 There flows a stream from 238 238
357 Angry words, Oh, let 238 238

Seeking Holiness 238

358 O glorious hope of 237 237 237
359 God of all power 237 237 237
360 Come to Jesus 237 237 237
361 Come to Jesus 237 237 237

362 Before Thy face, dear 237 237 237
363 Ever since I met 81 101 101
364 I bring my soul to Thee 81 101 101
365 Come to my Lord 237 237 237
366 Come, thou all impure 237 237 237
367 Come, O Jesus 237 237 237
368 Come, O Jesus 237 237 237
369 O come, I seek the crimson 237 237 237
370 I bring my heart to Thee 237 237 237
371 What now, is my object? 237 237 237
372 I bring my heart to Thee 237 237 237
373 O, how I love thee 102 102 102
374 O Lamb of God 102 102 102
375 O Lamb of God 102 102 102
376 O Lamb of God 102 102 102
377 O Lamb of God 102 102 102
378 What is salvation? 237 237 237
379 That hidden love of God 237 237 237
380 I bring my heart to Thee 237 237 237
381 Sad and weary with my 237 237 237
382 When shall these conflict? 237 237 237
383 I bring my heart to Thee 237 237 237
384 O Lamb of God, thou 237 237 237
385 O Lamb of God, thou 237 237 237
386 O Lamb of God, thou 237 237 237
387 O Lamb of God, thou 237 237 237
388 O Lamb of God, thou 237 237 237
389 O Lamb of God, thou 237 237 237
390 O Lamb of God, thou 237 237 237
391 Within my heart, O Lord 237 237 237
392 Within my heart, O Lord 237 237 237
393 Within my heart, O Lord 237 237 237
394 Within my heart, O Lord 237 237 237
395 Within my heart, O Lord 237 237 237

377 (To be Continued)

(Notes.—We print this that "This" should be cut out and kept for reference. When completed it will furnish very useful information for Officers, Bandmasters, Bandmen, etc.)

396 Precious Saviour, we 21 21 21
397 Precious Saviour, we 21 21 21
398 Precious Saviour, we 21 21 21
399 Thou Shepherd of Israel 20 20 20
400 O joyful sound of grace 19 19 19

395 Give me a heart to please 19 19 19
396 Give me a heart to please 19 19 19

397 Give me a heart to please 19 19 19
398 Give me a heart to please 19 19 19

399 Give me a heart to please 19 19 19
400 Give me a heart to please 19 19 19

401 Give me a heart to please 19 19 19
402 Give me a heart to please 19 19 19

403 Give me a heart to please 19 19 19
404 Give me a heart to please 19 19 19



Band Book Tunes and . . . Some of Their Stories

By THE EDITOR (Sixth Article)

"When You Are In The Family"

Some people are so diffident in their approach to God; they seem to forget altogether that he is "Our Father." They treat Him as if He were some stupendous Being, whom it is a crime to approach. We Salvationists are sometimes told we are never reverent enough.

Now if I were presented at Court, I would like to do things properly. You don't think I should run up to the Throne with outstretched hand crying, "Hello, how are you?" Of course I would try and walk up decently—though the greatest difficulty would be to know how to get away, once I was there!

But supposing the Prince of Wales, after being six months away, went into the Palace in that way, dressing up, and dropping on one knee, and observing all the formalities—well, I think from all we hear of our King's kind heart, he would say something like, "Here, son—cut it out!"

It makes all the difference when you come into the family. The stiff-necked punctilious creature who thinks of God as an autocratic Eastern potentate, rather than as a Father, is irreverent—and worse.

Rather bluntly put, say you; well, perhaps it is, but—it does make all the difference if you are in the family, and there is no reason at all why you should not be.

"The Power of God Is Enough"

Stewart, B.C.,
June 25th, 1928

To the Editor of

"The War Cry":

I simply had to drop you this short note after reading the Bandsman's Number of "The War Cry". It spoke reached me yesterday in this out of the way corner of the Territory; the "Cry" is generally a little late when it reaches me, through my father ("G.A.") in Vancouver.

You can scarcely realize what a feast it is to me. Like the old saying, "You never miss the water till the well runs dry," I never realised the value of The Army publications until I reached here, where there is no Army Corps. This issue, with such a lot of Band news is a great blessing and inspiration.

There certainly must have been a great time in Winnipeg during the Band Council weekend, and the crumbs from the table through the medium of "The Cry" was a tremendous help.

Permit you wonder who I am. (Oh, no we don't; we've an eye and a mind for Army comrades—Ed.) I am just a lonely Army Bandsman in a place where little enough is given to spiritual things, but I know from experience that the Power of God is enough for me. Before coming here I was an active member of the Vancouver Citadel Band, and now for nearly four months I have had to be content with being an active absent one.

By the time I am back to the Corps again, that will be next month, and the New Tune Book, I shall be well out of date. But keep up your good work of the Bandsman's Page, and your articles on the New Tune Book; I am just longing to get to look between its covers.

Bandsman F. A. Allan.

WHEN we began these articles we had no idea that we were embarking on a work of such standard importance; if there had been any other man in the Editor's chair he surely would have cut us off long ago. However, at the risk of being charged with prolixity we find it difficult to know where to stay our hand. We wish, however, that we had tried to learn more about such a fascinating subject when there were greater opportunities at our service. We can only hope that somebody else—better qualified—will carry on the work.

To retrace our steps for a few numbers, "The Vacant Chair" (318) is an American melody, while "Pleasure in His Service" (319) was originally an English ballad tune—"Where is now the merry party?" "Poor old Joe" (26)—who needs to be told from whence that came? But what a touching melody it is, especially if used to H.H.B.'s wonderful words—"Gone are the days of wretchedness and sin."

One cannot afford to pass without notice, "Abide with me" (323), which in some circles is known as "Evidente". It was written by Dr. W. H. Monk, of whom it was said that "he taught many to pray to God who had never previously been taught to do so." He taught others to pray to Him more worthily than hitherto." His widow gave the following story of the writing of the tune: "It was written at a time of great sorrow—when together we watched, as we did daily, the glories of the setting sun. As the last golden ray faded he took up some paper and pencilled that tune which has gone all over the earth." And for those who remember the story of the writing of the hymn there is a beautiful coincidence in the two anecdotes.

"Hanover" (329), dates from the year 1707, and was originally attributed to Handel, but it had been in use for at least three years when he landed in England in 1710. It passed under a number of names (even in those days they re-dedicate tunes) until it received its present name about the time when George III came to the throne—out of compliment to that monarch. It is of note that this was one of two tunes which were the only two new ones introduced into the church services of England for a space of nearly one hundred years.

We believe we are correct in saying that the composer of, "Let us raise our cheerful voices" (334) soldiered at the Corps at Sherbrooke Street, Winnipeg, although he was in our Australian ranks when the melody was first published. It could do with a revival.

It would be too great a disappointment for our readers to pass over entirely Sullivan's "Onward, Christian Soldiers" (379). This was written during his earlier years as a composer, before he had become so widely known as a writer of such light "stuff." It was written for a small house-party staying at the Rectory of Hanford, in Dorsetshire, and first played on a humble harmonium there.

It may be of interest for us to say that Sullivan was the son of a military bandmaster and was so precocious a juvenile musician that "by the time he was eight years old he had learned to play almost every wind instrument in the band."

"Victory for Me" (381) was written by Mr. Herbert Booth and first published in the year 1887. In its original setting it is a magnificent composition, and was pre-eminent among those which did much to start The Army on its march to its present high standard of musical writing. To hear it as we first heard it in our boyhood, sung by thousands of voices and accompanied by hundreds of bandmen, at one of the great Crystal Palace demonstrations, remains a thrilling memory.

What a host of H.H.B.'s melodies appear in the Section now before us. "The Penitent's Plea" (406) one of the grandest religious (personal) tunes that was ever penned; and what treasured memories it has. "With Sword and Shield" (415) of the martial band of the Household Troops Band pealed it forth. "There's a Golden Day" (426), The Army wedding anthem, written, if we mistake not, for

soon after peace was declared. The heartfelt gratitude of the old pastor burst out in the joyous song:

"Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices."

As he was writing the words, the simple, yet majestic air, so suited to the words, came to his mind, and he wrote it down with the song.

Of "The Lily of the Valley" (432) by Bandmaster Fry we have already spoken; "Down where the living waters flow" (433) was written by a Captain Bateman who, before coming to The Army, was a drunken young fellow much sought after in public-house musical circles.

"God is keeping His soldiers fighting" (438) originally appeared as "When the trumpet sounds I'm ready," but H.H.B.'s words were soon lost to sight and sound in Colonel Pearson's more stirring song. And did it not do duty in many a story fight in those early days? "No we never, never will give in" was sung through many a riot, and outside many a police-court and jail; and we never did give in.

Of "All hail I'm saved" (444) there is an amusing story: not of the music, but of the song. "Orange Harriet" was a great Yorkshire trophy; she came from Bradford, or Sheffield—one of those Yorkshire cities, at the moment we forget which. In a drunken stupor she was reeling home one night when she heard The Army singing along the street, as she thought: "Old ale, I'm saved," and under the impression that she was following them to a place where free ale was flowing, she at length reached The Army Hall and was gloriously saved.

The Editors have unashamedly set forth some of the tunes under original secular titles, not altogether a bad practice, but "Ring the bell, watchman" (468) is too indelibly associated with "The Salvation Army is marching along" ever to have any other name in our thoughts. In our boyhood days we heard the old Christian Mission warrior who first set our words to this tune say, that he was walking along the streets one night when the church bells began to chime and play this air, and as he walked, his words came to him, only then they were—"The Christian Mission is marching along" and that's a year or two before we "joined up." But The Army is still marching along.

Commissioner Ralton was responsible for giving The Army "Marching through Georgia" (474). We imagine he heard it in those days when he was starting The Army off on its triumphant march through the United States. His words were originally "Shout about Salvation, boys, and we'll have another song." Well, we've had many another song since those days, but we're still singing:

"We'll sound the Saviour's praises
Over every land and sea."

As we go marching to Glory."

"Come shout and sing" (475) is another musical conversion, but originally it reached the world to the words of "I tramped her little footsteps in the snow," and one can easily imagine how one of our early day poets of The Army would seize on such a fine a line for alteration and adaptation, not to say improvement. There are two or three just about here which advertise their former associations, and we wonder why the Editors did not give them a special Dedication Service and register their Salvation Army names. Never mind, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

(Continued next week)

PARDON FIRST

WHEN William Herschel constructed his large telescope and discovered the planet Uranus, he was directed to appear at Windsor, so that George III might hear of the wonderful discovery from the lips of the discoverer himself.

The astronomer duly appeared at the palace, bringing with him his telescope and a map of the system of worlds of which he occupied with the sublimities of the universe, and the last thing he thought about was his personal delinquency. Now, Herschel, while still a boy, had deserted from the army many years previously. In some way this fact had come to the knowledge of the king, and when the astronomer was ushered into the royal presence, His Majesty remarked that before they could discuss science a matter of imperative business must be transacted: whereupon he handed to the astonished astronomer a paper, written by the royal hand and bearing the royal signature, pardoning the deserter.

Herschel had become a great man, and no doubt had considered that he had outlived the memory and got beyond the reach of his juvenile transgression. But the monarch's finding was correct; the Royal pardon must cancel the old sin, and enable the king on a proper footing to show favor to the former offender by reminding him of his former sin, and the necessity for pardon.—Sydney "War Cry"

A PROOF OF THE TRUTH

"David, a man after God's own heart!" said an infidel; "a pretty specimen; a liar, an adulterer, a murderer." "You are a proof of the truth of God's Word," quietly answered the one to whom the words were addressed. "For the Bible says that Nathan said to David, 'By this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of Jehovah to blaspheme!'

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, bffriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address: ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, S-81, Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of successful location of photograph, three dollars (3.00) extra.

2117. Charles Rawland Humphreys, Age 41, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known occupation: teamster. Native of London, has not been heard of for some years. Son of James Humphreys.

2116. Charles Lester, Age 52, left England 19 years ago to come to Canada. Last known address: Sintanita, Sask. Daughter is anxious to locate. Money has been left under his father's will.

2115. James George, Age 36, height 5 ft. 4 in., black hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. Native of England, last known address at Princeton, N.C. Brother anxious for news.

2114. John Wm. Walker and Wife. Pattern maker in Pattern Makers League, London, Eng. was re-introduced Feb. 1916, at age 29. Last known address: 1000 W. 11th St., Vancouver, B.C. Doing business at East Grandview, Vancouver and went by name Madame Josephine. Aged father anxious.

2113. George Holden, Age 53, height 6 ft. 2 in., light hair, grey eyes, ruddy complexion. When last heard from was farming on his own account in the West Indies. Brother anxious to get in touch with him.

2112. Martin Villerus, (Jack), Age 37, height 5 ft. 1 1/2 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address: 1100 W. 11th St., Vancouver, B.C. Father anxious for news.

2111. Arthur Clark, Age 29, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes. When last heard from he was working on railway in Ontario.

2101. William J. Gardiner, Age 32, height 6 ft. 4 in., fair hair, blue eyes, freckles, complexion. Native of Dumfries, Scotland; has been engaged in military service in Scotland with postal authorities and police, the latter position in Scotland. Father, who has not been heard from since Jan. 1921, is anxious to locate. (See caption.)

2102. Frederick Chua, Bulcher, Age 47, has, light hair, brown eyes, native of London. Engaged in business in Canada. Last heard from at Melita, Man. Brother anxious.

2103. Christian Davies, otherwise known as Davies, Age 52, height 5 ft. 4 in., light hair, grey eyes, light complexion, farmer. Native of Wales, England. Father, who has not been heard from, please communicate with this office.

2102. Frank Frederick Winter, Corporal No. 38, Age 35, height 5 ft. 6 1/2 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Nottingham, England. Late Canadian Army. Wife anxiously enquires.

THE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

A Fresh Air Camp Story

By W. R. P.

"HEY, you, Jimmy!"

The young man is question-started guiltily. He was but a poor ill-clad, ill-fed urchin and his investigation of the battered garbage can, the property of the De Smythes of the big house down the lane, abruptly ceased.

What was it now, he pondered, poking a grimy and somewhat slimy finger up along his chin, in order to hasten the consumption of a partly devoured portion of a very much over-baked ham. His mother had given him a good licking for interfering with other folks' garbage cans only a day or so previous. This might possibly be the forerunner of another.

He looked furiously this way and that along the dusty lane as if seeking some way of escape and with a deep sigh gulped at the half consumed banana. He then emerged from the fence corner trying to look as unconcerned as was possible.

Our little friend was not to blame so much after all. What with the father being more often out of work than in and meeting with an accident which restricted him to his bed and taken to hospital a few weeks ago, and his mother unable to support the family, scabbing off the floor, Jimmy did not get as much to satisfy a boy's appetite as he should. And then, the De Smythes domestic threw away all sorts of good things to eat. What was wrong with a fellow helping himself when he felt like it anyway?

"Jim-ay! you hurry up—d'ye hear?" "Aw-right, mom, I'm comin'" With the last bit of banana safely stowed away out of sight Jimmy shuffled along on his bare feet until he came up to the back door-step on which his parent excitedly pranced.

The lad's intuition at once told him that his mother's excitement and hurry call was not entirely due to his deprivations and his depressed spirits began to rise.

"What's th' matter, Mom, you comein'?"

His parent waved a card in the air. "Now, Th' Army's agoin' ter send you ter the B.C. again—like they did last year! Whad' ye think o' that?"

James gave one screech, flung a tattered cap in the air and, lung several hand springs in rapid succession. He landed on his feet and for very joy of heat danced a jig.

"Whor'oo! Eats, swims, runs, games, hikes, does everything. Mom, I can't just believe it ter be true. Really I can't!" And he gave vent

to another yell. But it was true all the same and the Army Captain who had left the card and was just passing through the front gate, suppressed a smile.

2100. James Tildley, Age 55; height 5 ft. 6 in., brown hair, turning grey; blue eyes; fair complexion.

2093. Per Olson, Berplund, Age 51, Swedish, dark hair, grey eyes, slender build, missing since 1913. Brother anxious.

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1
A Ruler once came to Jesus by night,
To tell Him of the way of Salvation and light;
The Master made answer in words true and plain:
"Ye must be born again!"

Chorus:
"Ye must be born again!
Ye must be born again!
I verily, verily, say unto you—
"Ye must be born again!"

Ye children of men, attend to the word
So often uttered by Jesus, the Lord;
And let me tell you this message to you be in vain:
"Ye must be born again!"

O ye who would enter that glorious rest,
And sing with the ransomed the song of the blest,
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
Ye must be born again!

2

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride,

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Howe'er I lowly minded down;
Did such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorn compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

3

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
And time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright
And fair;

When the world of earth shall gather over
on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there!

On that bright and cloudless morning, when
the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the dead in Christ shall receive a glorious share,
When His chosen ones shall gather to their
home beyond the skies.

And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there!

Let us labour for the Master from the dawn
till setting sun,
Let us labour for His wondrous love and care;
When, then, all of life is over, and our work on
earth is done,

And the roll is called up yonder, we'll be
there.

4

Rock of Ages, clef for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double curse,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no longer know,
For love too cold, nor strength alone,
Thou must save me, I am alone,
In my hands no pride I bring,
Simply to Thee I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee in the Judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, clef for me,
I will hide myself in Thee.

5

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath hidden all mankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The Master bids you to All come,
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye weary wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

1

Just one day nearer home,
The shadows of the night descend;
Just one day less to roam,
The evening twilight colors blend;
Before the sun goes down,
I rest beside my Guide and Friend,
With each day's tramping,
Nightly camping.
One day nearer home.

2

Tune: "Coming this Way"
Coming again, yes, coming again;
Coming in glory and power to reign,
Beneath whose word He has left on record—
Jesus my Saviour is coming again.

3

Tune: "Since Jesus came into my heart"
I never meant to doubt Him any more;
I never meant to doubt Him any more;
For my Friend He will be

Now and in eternity—
I never meant to doubt Him any more.

SONGS FOR THE COUNTRYSIDE

6

Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of His glory, His love,
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child.

For I am weak and weary,
And headlong I'm dashed.

Tell me the story slowly,
Tell me I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin—
Tell me the story simply,
For I am so soon;

The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest words and grave,
Remember when the master
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me the story always,
What you would really be,

In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

7

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to call him friend,
Everything to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—

All because we lack a Friend

Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged:

Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Can we find a comforter so faithful,

Who will all our sorrows share?

Jesus knows our every weakness—

Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?

Precious Saviour, still our Refuge—

Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?

Take it to the Lord in prayer!

In His arms He'll take and shield thee,

Thou will find a solace there.

"Bring it to the Sinner's Saviour"

Copyright—The Salvation Army

On - ly Ho can set thee free, Who waits to be a Friend to thee;

Dark, in - ded, the past has been, But bring it to the sin - ner's Sa - viour.

"While the Years roll on"

Copyright—The Salvation Army

While the years roll on, If our sins are gone, And we walk with God in the new road, Thro' e -

ter - ai - ty. Ev - er pure and free, We'll be hap - py as the years roll on -

CHORUSES

4

Tune: "Forever and not for a day"

I love Him, I love Him,
My Saviour and Friend;
He gives me His pardoning favour;
Whatever my need on I depend—

Indeed He's a wonderful Saviour.

5

The birds upon the tree-top
Sing their song.
The angels swell the chorus
Loud and lone;
The sun is in the garden
Blind their hue;

So why shouldn't I, why shouldn't you,

Praise Him too?"

6

Tune: "For He Lifted Me"

Lay your burden down, lay your burden down,
At the Saviour's feet lay your burden down;
Bring your load of care,
You may leave it there,

At the Saviour's feet lay your burden down.

7

Tune: "The print of the nails in His Hand"

While the shades of night are falling,
There's a voice that is sounding soft and clear;
Tis the Lord, your Saviour calling,
Bring to Me all your sin and all your fear.

8

Tune: "Make way for 'The Victor'"

He brought me out of the darkness,
Out into the daylight. God is here,
He freed me from a burden.
He took away the sin load.

I'm marching along while the joy-bells ring.

Where my Redeemer is the God and King,

To the City, the City of God.

9

Tune: "I'm dwelling on the mountain"

There is sunshine on the mountain,
There is sunlight on the sea,
There's a beauty o'er the prairie,
Such as nowhere else may be;

There is glory in the midnight,

Brighter than the stars that shine,

Since Jesus came to this heart of mine.

10

Tune: "Trusting as the moments fly"

Joy—beyond expression glad,
Pence—where once I used to fear; I had,
Freedom—more than I can say,
Since He washed my sins away.

11

Tune: "Launch out into the Deep"

Oh, wait upon the Lord,
Wait upon the Lord;
And His grace will be your shield;
And His heart's desire.

He will surely not withhold,
Wait patiently for Him.

PRAISE HIM WITH SONG

8

"Whoever Heareth!" shout, shout, shout,
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever you stand;
"Whosoever will may come!"

Chorus:
"Whoever will?" "Whoever will?"
Send the blessed tidings over vale and hill;
"Tis the loving Father calls the world to fill;
"Whoever will may come!"

When the eyes need rest and sleep,
Now the door is open wide and deep;
Jesus is the true, the only Living One;
Jesus will be glory for me."

"Whoever will?" "The promise is sure,"
"Whoever will," "for ever shall I live,"
"Whoever will—" "life for evermore,"
"Whoever will?" "the age to glory for me."

9

When all my labours and trials are over,
And I am laid out on the hard board floor,
Just to bear the heat of the Lord I labour,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me."

Chorus:
"Oh, that will be glory for me,"
"When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, glory for me."

When by the gift of His infinite grace,
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Just to bear the heat of the Lord I labour,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me."

10

Sinner Jesus will receive;
Sound this word of grace to all,
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fail;

Chorus:
"Sing, sing, sing and ever again,
Christ receiveth sinful men;
Make the message clear and plain;
Christ receiveth sinful men."

Come; and He will give you rest;
Trust Him; His word is plain;
With talk of sinfulness,
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even with all my sin;
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.

11

Ahide with me! Fast I'll lie, the ev'ning
That my dearest dearest Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
With Thee I'll abide, my Guide and Stay;
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ibs have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
He is death's sting? Where, draw, draw, draw;
Thee, Saviour, draw, draw, draw!

I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

12

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dew of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently close,
Be my pillow, Saviour, as I sleep,
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Ahide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Ahide with me when night is mine,
Ahide with me when day is thine.

For without Thee I dare not die,
Do not call me Friend or friend;

13

Tune: "When Irish Eyes are Smiling"
He found me with a burden,
He lifted it from me;
He found me with a sorrow,
He changed it into glee;

He found me in the darkness,
He made me in the light;
Do you wonder that I love Thee?
And call Thee Friend or friend?

14

Tune: "Trust and Obey"
Walking with God,
On the heavenly road;
It is glory on glory,
When we're walking with—

Tune: "Sussex by the Lark"
And then we'll see the Lord;
We'll crown Him Lord of all;
When the nations meet
At the Saviour's feet,
We'll crown Him Lord of all.